

*Leisure*

GEORGE SANFORD HORNBLOWER





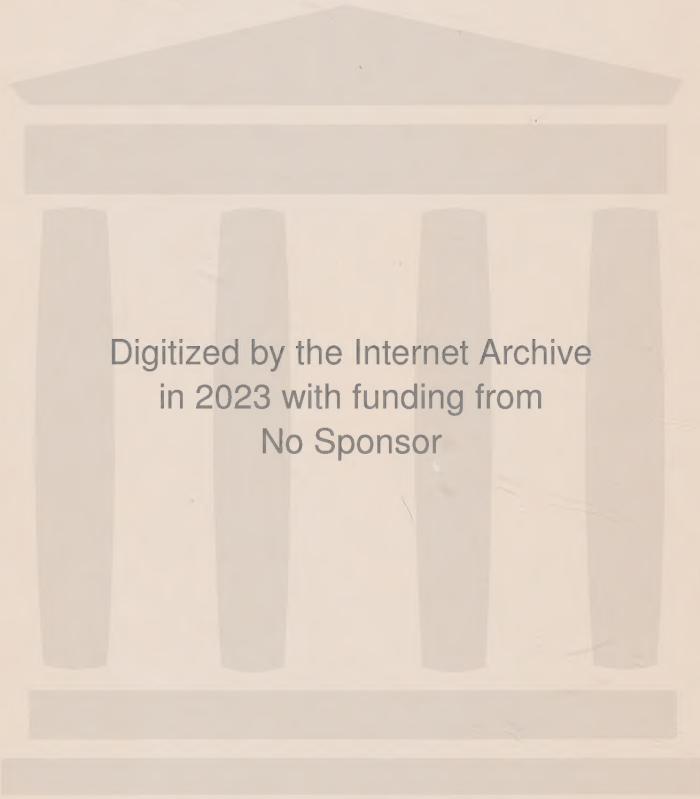


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# LEISURE











# *Leisure*

A FEW POEMS AND DRAWINGS  
OF  
GEORGE SANFORD HORNBLOWER



DUFFIELD & COMPANY

MCMXXIX

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*The illustrations are reproduced from  
a portrait relief and pencil sketches  
by George Sanford Hornblower*



**G**EORGE SANFORD HORNBLOWER died on June 26, 1927, at the age of 43, in the full swing of an active and promising life. His outward career, at the time that he was cut off at the threshold of general recognition, was of a kind frequently expected, but less often fulfilled, in men of distinguished pioneer ancestry. This career is fairly well known among his friends. Therefore but few words are necessary to suggest a rarer quality which does not always lie beneath the surface of the American man of affairs.

Most of us know that Hornblower graduated cum laude from Princeton with the class of 1904, and from the Columbia Law School in 1907, plunging at once into the law with his customary earnestness, and with exacting attention to detail. From the outset many responsibilities were heaped upon him, for his keen sympathies drove him to suffer, as well as to assume, the problems of his many clients. It is quite in keeping that at the time of his death he was engaged in a severe legal trial which had been adjourned over the week-end; that very Sunday morning he had planned to work with assistant counsel. . Now and then we of the other professions have heard of George coming to the front as a successful trial lawyer, employing so well that fervor for debate which won him renown at college. We



*have known of his enthusiasms in all collegiate matters wheresoever Princeton was concerned; we have perhaps encountered him on the tennis courts competing on equal terms with men of twice his physique; we have seen him single-handed, in 2-reef breeze setting a small boat spinnaker in races on Long Island Sound; and we have often felt and envied that strong spirit, bursting its prison and goading him on to tasks, far too restless for a single body.*

*But there was another, and less known, side. A very few, and those the closest friends, realized that George utilized such spare moments as he could snatch in the writing of verse, the making of pencil and charcoal sketches, and, in later years, to modeling and sculpture. It hardly needs mentioning that he did not consider himself a poet; even these informal efforts were found among his papers under the signature: A. S. Cornicen. Nevertheless these activities appear to have been an important outlet to his many-sided personality, constrained as it was by office detail and routine responsibility. This small book is a gathering of such material, none of it hitherto published, a good deal of it intimate, and intended only for those who appreciate that poetry is necessarily intimate. For such persons we know that this scrap-book will emphasize the charming use of leisure; and it will serve, an old friend hopes, as an ever-continuing reminder of George's conscientious, striving, and beauty-loving character.*

H. G.

# LEISURE





*Cornicantata*



## CORNICANTATA\*

*What shall we sing on the trumpet?  
Over the valley far,  
Echoing off on the mountain tops,  
Sing the song of the star  
And the song of hope and the song of love  
And songs of the things that are  
Real alone when we climb above  
The plain of the vast bazaar,  
Leaving the railway and mill and crops,  
As if aroused for war.  
So shall we sing on the trumpet.*

*War we will sing on the trumpet—  
War on the power of wrong,  
And peace, to be won for the coming day  
When weak are helped by strong;  
The valor of human kindness, and all  
That the world so long  
Has suffered to lie 'neath a fact-cursed pall,  
That smothers the voice of song.  
Come ye and hark to the airs we'll play,  
Up on the mountain's prong,  
Calling away on the trumpet.*

*Yea, we will sing on the trumpet  
All that our spirits know*

\* G. S. H. used the nom-de-plume: A. S. Cornicen.



*Of truth, that shineth in darkness and  
Was hid in the vale below—  
The truth of the Maker's purpose, which  
Has bidden the ape to grow  
Speaking and upright and even rich  
In gifts that a Christ could show—  
The truth to be found in a baby's hand  
Or martyrs' fagots' glow.  
This—shall we sing on the trumpet.*

*And we will sing on the trumpet  
Gorgeous, bursting dawn,  
And glory of human beauty, when  
It's crowned by the gleams of morn,  
Or subtle evening's dream-touched sky,  
Or night and the curtain drawn.  
Far above where the factories lie  
And the smoky streets, forlorn,  
Op'ning our hearts to a gladder ken,  
Dolce sound we the horn—  
The vibrant calling trumpet.*

*What shall we sing on the trumpet?  
Aloft from the things that are  
Dumbly intoned in the valley shrines,  
Sing we the avatar  
Of God and of love and of mighty hope,  
That swingeth the gates ajar,*

*Till life has the joy of its fullest scope  
And thoughts can fly afar.  
Tuned to the harp of the wind-swept pines,  
Greeting the great day-star,  
Come, let us sing on the trumpet.*

*November, 1913*

ON L. W. H. \*

HE who could breathe the incense of the East,  
Listen to music of the Southern palms,  
Thrill at the thunders of our Western strife  
And glimpse the frozen glitter of the North,  
Could walk with sages on Parnassus' slopes,  
Gaze upon Eleusynian mysteries,  
Romp with the young Olympians at play  
And stroll in palace gardens of bright clouds—  
Would you ask him to tread the travelled path,  
Straight and unswerving, deaf to wildwood calls,  
Closing his eyes to flowers along the edge,  
Steeling his heart against fair frolic's lures?

Your life is not the route for such a one;  
Your guide-posts merely mock him riddlewise;  
Your rules are not the vestments that will fit  
The lithe, quick-darting movements of his soul.

*\*In August, 1913, George Hornblower's older brother, Lewis Woodruff Hornblower, died suddenly in his 30th year.*

He wearies on your smoothest, proudest street;  
He sickens where your dull, gray pavement runs;  
And, tho' he help you drive your market-wain,  
Bending him to the work with honest zeal—  
One moment's pause; his heart breaks and he dies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Think of him as the bearer of a cup  
Wherein the wine of being, seething up,  
Sparkled with iridescence as it flowed  
To warm his fellow travellers of the road,  
To cheer the jaded, animate the dull—  
His heart, the cup, alas no longer full.

*September, 1913*



## PAGAN FANCY

NAKED I lie on the soft, green moss  
While the South-wind brushes the leaves overhead in  
her flight,  
And a birdling sings with a goddess' voice from the  
stately pine tree's height;  
The sylph stream laughing runs by and coyly hides  
from my sight.

Great Pan is awake, and the sun god smiles and bathes  
the earth in his light.  
Warm are the breathing woods and the glowing hill  
and the sweetly smiling sky.

*April, 1903*

## RIDING SONG

A HORSE in the summer sun;  
The landscape open, free;  
A sparrow humming; the wild rose scent;  
And a whiff from the salty sea!  
Sing now the clink of the bit  
And the beat, beat, beat on the road  
And the dancing ears and the stretching neck  
Of the horse that needs no goad!  
O won't you come ride, comrade? Come ride.  
O won't you come ride with me?  
O won't you come ride in the summer sun  
And the fragrance of the sea?

Trot the trip up to the hill.  
Walk to the plain below.  
Then give him his head on the softer path,  
And feel the critter go!  
Sing Ho for the bounding flesh  
And the creaking saddle's sway  
And the flecks of foam in the tossing mane  
Of the horse that leaps away!  
O won't you come ride—ride, ride, ride, ride?  
O won't you come ride with me?  
O won't you come ride in the rolling hills  
And the warm, wild-flowered lea?

Easy now in the welcoming woods,  
Where the bushes brush his knees.  
We'll listen for secret calls of birds  
Mid the friendly whispering trees.  
Swing low. Greet the smell of sweat  
And the pungent leather too,  
And the steaming flanks and the weary head  
Of the horse that walks with you!  
O won't you come and ride?  
O won't you come ride with me?  
O won't you come ride thro' the friendly woods  
To our chosen trysting tree?

*October, 1905*

## SEA THOUGHTS

AT night-time when the moon is hid by clouds  
And on the beach the wind has gone to sleep,  
There are moments when the sea is still—  
A little hush between the breakers' roars  
When one has ceased to sound, the next has not begun.  
It is a hush as if creation paused—  
A hush that asks deep questions— Whence? and Why?  
It seems to speak the questionings of the soul.

*September, 1903*



## LONELY, MOONLIT SEA

My soul is adrift on a wide, wide sea  
    With not a sail in sight.  
Weary for me is the long, long day  
    And bitterly sad the long, long night.  
Out there where the golden path of the moon  
    Reaches the gates of the sky,  
Can it be that there lies a haven, where  
    My soul may at anchor lie?  
The God who watches my lonely course—  
    He knows; alas, not I.

*June, 1904*

## SEA DREAMS

I WANDERED last night on the ocean's shore,  
And I caught a glimpse by the soft moonlight,  
Silvering the clouds that stood before  
The place where earth meets sky,  
Of that other sea that rolls so nigh  
The land of dreams, where some day I  
Will have gone to live with the one I adore.  
And I saw a light on that phantom sea  
That I knew must be a token for me;  
And, standing alone on the sounding shore,  
My heart beat high once more.

Phantom ship on the phantom sea,  
Bearing a message from dreamland to me—  
From the maid whom I love and may not see,  
Carry this message back for me  
To the maid of my dreams whom I cannot see:  
Tell her that some day I shall flee  
From this world of cold reality  
On a brig of dreaming across the sea;

And then in the land of dreams will we  
Live the life of the loving and free.  
Then I, love, will have no thought but of thee,  
And thou, love, never a thought but of me  
Living together, loving each other,  
Forever happy, forever free,  
We shall drink of the joy that ought to be,  
On the farthest shore of the phantom sea.

*July, 1903*

## LOVE AND SUNSET, FLOWERS AND SONG

WHERE the clouds of the sunset linger,  
Purple and gold and pink,  
Arching a faëry bower wherein  
The tired sun doth sink,  
There some day we will take our flight,  
Sweetheart, you and I—  
Far from this world of day and night  
To the Land of the Sunset-Sky.

Where the lilies talk together,  
Where the roses sing,  
There, my sweet, we'll walk together  
In perpetual spring;  
And our love's hymn will be blended  
With the harmony of flowers,  
Till the whole world thrills with music  
And the courts of heaven ring.

*March, 1904*

## SONG OF THE SUMMER WIND

WHAT is the message the sweet breeze sings in my ear,  
Rustling the leaves of the tree,  
Fitfully blowing—now dying away, and now again  
here?

What is this song the summer wind sings to me?

“I care not whence I come, nor whither I go,  
As over the earth I lightly blow—  
Over the heaving summer sea,  
Over the hill and over the lea,  
Where field-lark calls the honey-bee—  
Over the wide-spread panoply  
Of joe-pye-weed and chicory  
To swamps, where the red-wing’s “quonkalee”  
Answers a mate in the willow tree—  
Thro’ groves, where thrushes carol me  
And catbirds chatter or mock with glee—  
And then, the tasselled maize to see  
Near fields of wild-rose perfumery,  
With butterflies keeping me company  
While they dance along on their nectar-spree.  
And the word thou hearest me sing to thee  
I tell as I go,  
Whispering low:  
‘Be like me, ever carefree,  
Peaceful and happy and free, like me.’”

*June, 1903*



## SONG OF THE WINTER WIND

WHAT is the message the wild wind howls in my ear,  
Lashing the trees in its might,  
Shrieking, then moaning—to sadden the fire-light's  
cheer?

What is this song the winter wind chants tonight?

“I care not whence I come, nor whither I go,  
As over the earth I fiercely blow—  
Over the sea, where waves leap high  
To wrathfully threaten the angry sky—  
Out where I make the schooners fly  
Like frightened birds at the goshawk's cry.  
[On thro' the dark I drive them, ay,  
On till the fatal rocks are nigh.]  
Then over the still land's shroud of snow  
A weird and lonely course I go,  
Teaching the giant trees to know  
The force of the icy breath I blow,  
As I toss their branches to and fro  
And bend the quivering saplings low,  
Till the forest echoes their cries of woe.  
And the message I shriek unto such as thee  
I tell in my flight,  
Loud thro' the night:  
‘Be like me, ever carefree,  
Savage and fearless and free, like me.’ ”

*February, 1904*



## *Outside the Shrine*



## OUTSIDE THE SHRINE

*An hour of the life of General Benedict Arnold*

*Scene: London, December, 1792. Before an ale-house door, looking across a street toward Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter Benedict Arnold, overtaken by Bishop Talleyrand-Perigord.*

*Tal:* Bonjour, Monsieur l'American.

*Arn:* Pardon me?

*Tal:* We are well met encore, for me at least.  
Vous rappelez-vous, we dined at Falmouth Inn  
By chance together several weeks ago?  
My name is Talleyrand.

*Arn:* The famous bishop?

*Tal:* Mais oui, none else; but now quite out of fame;  
That is not now so famous—or not yet.  
I've greatly wished to chat with you again.  
But, lacking of the honor to know your name—

*Arn:* Yes, I remember now. The honor's mine—

*Tal:* Though not so favored as per introduction,  
I sense your brilliant worth and feel that you  
Can give me advantageous entrée through  
The ports of that new country, where the brave  
Build up a freemen's empire in the West.  
Venez; let's drink together. Il fait froid;  
And kindred spirits warm on English ale.

*Arn:* I came to sip hot rum, before I go  
In haste to meet a social debt of honor.



Still, I could spare some time to drink in wit—  
Such cynic's wit, as now I recollect  
From our late meeting—

*Tal:* When I talked too much?  
Allons, then; drink with me. And this time you  
Shall do the talking; for, I thirst to learn  
About that far-off land of quick-won fame—  
America, Fortuna's favorite child.

*They go into the ale-house. A courtesan peers in the window; then loiters near the Abbey. They are heard talking.*

*Tal:* The greatest work of man was Washington's.  
An enviable title, "parens patriae"—  
To be the father of this splendid brat,  
Whose optimism and opportunism  
Will sway the world and topple many thrones  
Before two centuries pass. Foremost in statecraft,  
War and industry; conquering the wilds  
In footsteps of young Clark; playing with lightning  
Like old Doctor Ben; and tossing gains of genius  
Far and wide, to richen all men's lives—  
A glorious thing, your country! Proud I'd be,  
Could I be called "Soldier, American."  
And Washington! There was your canny soul,  
To twist through to success in such a maze  
Of thorny difficulties in his front,  
Beside him, at his elbow, and behind,  
Where treason always lurks and Arnold was.

*Arn:* Yes, Arnold was. But, surely, you can see  
That Arnold won the war for Washington?

*Tal:* Vraiment? That's darkly strange and is to me  
Of most peculiar interest. Comment? Dites.

*Arn:* Arnold it was who took Ticonderoga  
And, letting Ethan Allen take the glory,  
Secured the ammunition and the guns  
Which, after Bunker Hill was blood-baptized,  
Enabled Washington's long siege of Boston.  
Next Arnold seized Crown Point and swept the  
Lake—

Raiding at night Fort Cavillon at St. John's,  
To guard the gate of warfare on the North.  
Justly did Massachusetts then acknowledge  
His conquests and "fidelity and good conduct."  
Arnold it was then chose the boldest way  
To reach Quebec, the key to Canada.  
He only could have led undrilled recruits  
Through bristling forests, down white, snarling  
streams—

Flouting the vengeance of the wilderness,  
Whose wrath can awe the wolves and, rending flesh,  
Can numb the souls of ordinary men.  
Resourceful leadership alone could save  
Those heroes from starvation, when a coward  
Treacherously took supplies and rearguard home.  
Arnold it was who taught the lesson then  
Of dauntless suffering in his people's cause,  
Of grim devotion through all pangs of fate.  
(Example fired the farmers' sons to fight,  
And Arnold was their shining exemplar.)  
Arnold it was who led the forlorn hope  
At Frontenac's gates, when Dick Montgomery fell

And scalding metal screamed through cutting snow  
And few men else dared think of forward work.  
Arnold it was they followed till he dropped;  
And, when without him they were beaten back,  
'Twas Arnold's blood held them on Abraham's  
Plains

Half-starved and shelterless through the icy months.  
Wounded, he worked to succor his sick men.  
His stricken squads cowed the great citadel  
That held three times his numbers. Washington  
Freely gave praise, knowing their "enterprise,"  
Their "spirited," "judicious" bravery,  
Led indirectly to his winning Boston.  
Thereafter, when Congressional favorites  
Had thrown away the gains that Arnold made,  
'Twas his skill steered the masterly retreat,  
Himself the last to leave Canadian soil—  
After intrepid conduct at The Cedars  
Had overawed blood-lusting Iroquois.  
Arnold it was who saw that Champlain's lake  
Must be the war's strategic turning-point.  
No ships or sailors. He created them  
Out of strong-hearted trees that stemmed the gales—  
Out of the axemen and the pioneers.  
His boats fought flaming to the water's edge,  
Matched brains against the seamen of the foe,  
And saved all North New York till forts were  
manned.  
That gallantest of little navies' fights  
Warranted Washington's measured adjectives  
Of "active" Arnold—"surely none more brave."

When, after that, Congress in gratitude  
Promoted worthless juniors over Arnold,  
Unselfish, patriot zeal, like Philip Schuyler's,  
Kept him at work as Washington's right arm,  
To watch the enemy's threatening force at Newport  
And lead at Ridgefield's second Lexington,  
To frighten Howe away from Philadelphia,  
And out-manœuvre him in Northern Jersey,  
To serve as an inferior on the Mohawk,  
And volunteer to save far-off Fort Stanwix.  
Who else, think you, but Benedict Arnold could  
Have had the wit to win that bloodless fight,  
Where dim woods swarmed with red-coats and red-  
skins?

And, if Fort Stanwix fell, what then could stop  
St. Leger and Burgoyne together joining  
To break our nation's backbone in the highlands?  
St. Leger fled; and Arnold kept his date,  
To meet Burgoyne's hosts on the Hudson's banks.  
Arnold it was who stopped their flank advance  
Where Freeman's Farm was fertilized with blood.  
"The army rang with praise of the fighting General,"  
While Gates, commanding, sulked within his tent.  
And, when that poltroon, hating Arnold's fame,  
By insults sought to make him quit the field,  
His brother generals begged him to stay on,  
Without command, within the sound of guns.  
Gates could not hold him back, nor hold his men,  
When they saw Arnold ride from Bemis Heights.  
Arnold it was led Poor's New Hampshire boys  
Where Acland fell among his grenadiers;

Led Cilley's men through grape-shot to the guns,  
Took them and turned them on the staggering foe;  
Led Dearborn's charge that broke the Brunswick  
front.

Arnold directed Morgan's riflemen  
And Fraser's fall routed the British right;  
He sent Tenbroeck to scatter the rattled troops  
Riedesel tried to halt. Arnold it was  
Led Glover's fishermen of Marblehead  
Storming the breastworks of Balcarre's redoubt;  
Led Patterson between the two stockades  
Where the bewildered Tories crouched to shoot;  
Led Larned's men again to the assault;  
Sent Livingston against the yielding centre;  
And, carrying victory from flank to flank,  
Led Brooks's men through Breymann's sally-port;  
And clinched the strokes of his own thunderbolts,  
That drove Burgoyne to Saratoga's trap,  
Whose closing brought your French King to our  
side.

The cry of battle then was: "Arnold comes!"—  
A cry of triumph, even as he fell  
Wounded again in winning Freedom's fight.  
That combat, which re-charted history,  
Was won by Arnold's insubordinate dash,  
Obstinate, vigorous determination  
And matchless perseverance in attack,  
As John Burgoyne himself has testified.

*Tal:* Ma foi, I am amazed. What of this treason?

*Arn:* Why that, too, served to win for Washington.

*Tal:* Mais, non? Explain.

*Arn:* I mean it seriously.

Shortly before the brilliant Yorktown move  
Our unpaid, half-clad soldiers mutinied  
And threatened to depose the wabbling Congress  
And to sue peace, in spite of Washington,  
By their own sergeants dickering with King George.  
A crucial mess! Even Mad Anthony  
With his tongue-lashings could not whip them  
'round.

Once more 'twas balanced on a razor-edge  
Whether those years of Washingtonian zeal  
Would go for naught beside a mad mob's whims.  
White anger swayed the citizen soldiery.  
But suddenly came word that spies were there  
With the Crown's bribes, to seal the States' betrayal.  
In one accord the troops reversed their bent.  
Dragging the tempters up to General Wayne,  
They shouted forth a cry to leave no doubt  
Anywhere in the world, that watched the strife;  
"We'll have Sir Henry Clinton understand  
There are no Benedict Arnolds in this camp."  
—Time presses. I must go.

*Tal:* Un moment, please.

Not to detain a soldier; mais, les lettres?  
The introduction letters that I asked?  
If only you would fix a rendezvous,  
That I may call and get your help in this.

*Arn:* Abbé, some things are past my power to help.  
I am perhaps the sole American



Who can not give your letters to that land.  
All the relations I had there, long since,  
Are broken; and I never may return,  
To see again those lusty Western States.

*Exit.*

*Tal:* Mon Dieu, it's Arnold! Benedict himself—  
The world's most famous traitor! Sacrebleu!  
I should have guessed at once; except his words  
Concealed the thoughts that gnawed within his  
heart.

*Enter a passer-by*

*Pass:* Was not that Benedict Arnold?

*Tal:* Yes; it is.  
I must confess I feel much pity for him.

*Pass:* For him?

*Tal:* I hope for no reproach from that;  
For I've been witness to his agony.

*Exit passer-by*

*Tal:* Poor ruined scoundrel! What an egregious fall!  
A chancy thing, this life. Charles Maurice, watch  
Your step. Yet, Marlborough's buried there, and  
Monck—  
There where a tablet tells of hopeful André.

*Exit.*

*Enter an English officer and another gentleman*

- Gent:* That haughty boor jostled me in his hurry.  
 Now he has stopped to meditate on the Abbey.  
 I think I'll call him back, for an apology  
 Or to take choice of thrashing or a challenge.
- Off:* I wouldn't. That man craves a fight. Significantly,  
 He's changed the motto on his family arms  
 From "Gloria mihi" to "Nil desperandum."
- Gent:* Why; do you know him?
- Off:* Not to recognize.  
 That figure of black gloom is Benedict Arnold.
- Gent:* Is't really Arnold, most despised of men?
- Off:* That is the erstwhile rebel Major-General  
 Now an inactive royal Brigadier-General,  
 The traitor-renegade, par excellence,  
 Whom our King pets and pensions, while the Army  
 Shows him contempt. Cornwallis, kindly soul,  
 Rejects his begging for renewed command,  
 Saying we have a sullen prejudice  
 Against being placed beneath "an American"—  
 Description hardly fitting to the case  
 Of a rare mongrel. Ex-American.
- Gent:* News of the King's politeness to that cur  
 Near turned me from a Tory to a Whig.
- Off:* Oh well, they say His Majesty's mind is failing—  
 Though he judged well when he called Arnold's  
 wife  
 "The prettiest girl in London." Come along.
- Gent:* Let's on. That fellow is too low to notice.

*Exeunt*

*Enter two drunken beggars, singing:*

Oh, it's hey for the wars,  
Where all glory is won!  
And ho for the wars!  
Get all gory and done.  
Then down in the gutter  
And beg for a crust  
Of bread, without butter,  
And fake coins that rust.

Oh, it's hey for the fun!  
And it's ho for the pain!  
The coward will run;  
And the braggart be slain.  
Some will climb to the top  
And find it all foul.  
Some will soddenly drop  
And learn a dog's growl.

And it's hey for the life  
Of a boy who's all hope!  
And ho for the life  
Of a man using dope!  
Some mount others' guns  
And some sink in the mire.  
They're all mothers' sons  
And they'll all taste Hell's fire.

*Re-enter Arnold*

*First Beg:* Oh, Milord Officer, help a hungry soldier.  
*Arn:* You wretched drunk. Where did you do your  
fighting?

*Second Beg:* In the Virginias under Colonel Simcoe,  
Who held command beneath the turn-coat  
Arnold.

*Arn:* Be off from here, or you'll not live to whimper.

*First Beg:* Come on. The stray dog's mad. I think he'll  
bite.

*Exeunt beggars*

*Arn:* Must that kind sneer at me? And must their  
songs  
Seem to be mocking me, without their know-  
ing?

*Enter Peggy Shippen Arnold*

*Peg:* Benedict, I've followed you because I cannot  
Stay still at home, to brood about your conduct.

*Arn:* What conduct, madam?

*Peg:* Oh your frown-dark ways—  
And temper, wilder now in these cold months  
Since your last speculation went so ill  
And poverty has seemed to make you heartless.  
Why have you ceased to love me?

*Arn:* I have not.

*Peg:* Why, then, this wandering off so much alone?  
And why away whole nights? And why look cal-  
lous?

Have not I plead with you to tell me frankly  
Whether some other woman charms you more?

*Arn:* I have a sea of troubles, overseas,  
And in bleak London and my cankered heart.

*Peg:* Soothe it by loving me. I've shared your troubles.  
Whither now were you bound, harshly mysterious?  
Your mood is like those days at Robinson's.

*Arn:* Peggy, I go to fight another duel.

*Peg:* Oh, Benedict, you must not—

*Arn:* At the last  
Occasion when I tried to patch the shreds  
Of that most pitiable thing I call my honor,  
Letting Lord Lauderdale use me as a target,  
You were distraught and suffered so with fears  
I thought to spare you now by keeping secret.

*Peg:* Dear, gentle Arnold. But it must not be.  
Don't go. You're sick.

*Arn:* I must. You know that's nonsense.

*Peg:* God help me somehow. It must be avoided.  
Cannot good Mr. Fox smooth out the quarrel,  
Even as he did when Lauderdale missed fire?

*Arn:* Poor little woman, you don't understand.

*Peg:* Who is the murderous man who forced you to this?

*Arn:* You do not know him. Never mind his name.

*Peg:* Where will it be?

*Arn:* Upon the same field where  
Acland gave up his life to answer taunts  
Of an ill-tempered Tory.

*Peg:* Acland?

*Arn:* The man  
I told you of, whose fearless lady came  
To Gates' camp, to nurse her wounded husband,  
Whom we had captured before Saratoga.

*Peg:* Why should men go to duels?

*Arn:* Major Acland,

Grateful always to the Americans,  
Whose chivalry his wife was wont to praise,  
Resented silly sneering at their valor.  
Whereat some churl charged him with changing  
sides—

A most offensive slander on the man.

*Peg:* His lady went insane after it ended?

*Arn:* So I have heard—

*Peg:* Arnold, I fear I would.

Don't let it happen.

*Arn:* —But the man she lost  
Was justly venerated in the Army.

*Peg:* My loved one, name me your antagonist.  
Is he a bitter enemy of yours?

*Arn:* Oh no; a harmless, casual acquaintance.  
Like Lauderdale in the House of Lords last year,  
He did not think of me in what he said.  
My name was just a by-word, which his tongue  
Tripped into uttering, when discussing treason.

*Peg:* Tell me, my precious, what it was he said.

*Arn:* Peggy, do you remember when we walked  
Some years ago across this self-same street?  
Unwilling impulse led us in this church,  
Silent and hand in hand, to stand before  
The stone whereon is carved the worthy name  
Of your gay lover of your younger days—

*Peg:* My young admirer. I've had but one *lover*—

*Arn:* Merciful silence covered up the thoughts  
You must have had there of the man who caused  
Jack André's felon's death and hero's fame—



The man who won you and then dragged you down,  
To go through life branded "the traitor's wife."

*Peg:* Hush, Benedict. You know I never think that.

*Arn:* Merciful silence keeps our children's chance  
To face the world and some day to outlive  
The shame of having Arnold for their name—  
The shame of having Benedict for a father—

*Peg:* They're splendid children, dearest. They will win—

*Arn:* So let your generous silence leave unasked  
The merited insults that have caused this duel.

*Peg:* Alas, dear Benedict. Who's to be your second?

*Arn:* Only a Tory courtier popinjay,  
That hopes to win the favor of the King  
By seeming to befriend his useless hound.

*Peg:* Arnold, I'm shivering with cold and fear.  
Tell me you will not try to make him kill you.

*Arn:* Would that he could! But, when this faithless hand  
Clutches a sword or pistol, it will act.  
And Arnold's weapons seldom ever missed.

*Peg:* May you come off with honor, Benedict dear.  
Dearest of husbands, keep yourself for me.  
Forget not how I love you.

*Arn:* And my honor?

*Peg:* Yes, sweet, your honor too. Don't look such scorn.  
Poor me, I dread that your last look be that.

*Arn:* Margaret, my wife, my one and only friend,  
If it be as you dread and as I dream,  
Up in the attic, in a brass-bound trunk,  
You'll find that Continental uniform  
With the two shoulder-knots my chieftain gave  
And those two bullet holes in the left leg.

May God forgive me that I put it off.

Bury me, Peggy, as the man I was.

*Peg:* My man still, Benedict. I'll go and pray  
That God, who made you mine, but soured your life,  
Keep you for me until my days are done.

*Arn:* Go—in this shrine of England's treasured sons  
Kneeling beside young André's monument,  
Pray God keep Arnold dragging out his days!

*Peg:* Let me keep faith in God and loving you.

*Arn:* Go, woman; you unman me. Quick, I see  
Some politicians coming. It won't do  
That Arnold's wife should make him seem a coward.  
Go Peggy, sweet.

*Peg:* Yes, husband, I will go.  
Kiss me but once more; so I know you true.

*Arn:* True? Let it be so. "True" to you alone.  
True, as reflected in a mirror that cannot  
Show such rank crookedness as is your husband.

*Peg:* Kissed, I can go, loving in you the man  
That hates himself, but loves me. Oh, come back!

*Exit*

*Arn:* "True", oh my wife, how I do wish your word  
Could ever truthfully be said of me.

*Enter the courtesan*

*Arn:* What now, lewd woman? Why this sly pursuit?

*Court:* General, who is that very handsome lady?

*Arn:* That is my much-wronged wife, whose gracious  
name

You must not ever sacrilege by speaking,  
If you fear Arnold's anger as you should.

*Court:* Why, General Benedict, what makes you talk  
To last week's sweetheart like an enemy?  
What is your wife to me? I've naught against her;  
But you mean much to me, as well you know—

*Arn:* Yes, much too well just now—

*Court:* Besides, I've heard  
She's been forgiving toward your indiscretion  
Of earlier days, when in your widowerhood  
You got a bastard somewhere in New England,  
To whom she sometimes helps you forward money.

*Arn:* Silence, I say! There is a gulf between  
My wife and you like that dark, caverned cliff  
Which holds the lofty eagle's nest apart  
From the foul muskrat's burrow in the slime.  
What is your errand? Speak it and slink off.

*Court:* Why now, old Benedict, don't rail at me.  
I've followed you to give an invitation.  
Come to my chambers on next Friday night.  
And lend me cash to buy a merry supper  
And celebrate my birthday with some friends.  
I love you so, you know.

*Arn:* Hell and damnation!  
There's some money. Go. I've seen enough  
Of you and your coarse friends. Go drink, and drown  
In wine the worthy memory of your birthdays.

*Court:* Thank you so much, Benedict Arnold Monck,  
Milord Mount Pleasant, Duke of Connecticut!  
Your temper's changing like your coat-of-arms.

*Arn:* And that one, too, knows how to torture me. *Exit*

*Enter a gentleman, looking at his watch*

*Gent:* General, you are punctiliously prompt;  
Keeping your watch at the appointed point—  
Meeting your second's hand upon the minute.

*Arn:* Thank you for coming. There is time to loiter.

*Gent:* It's cold. I know that your hot blood is famed;  
But I'm not fuming, and I feel the chill.  
Let's walk on smartly to the field of honor.

*Arn:* Aye, I would walk both fast and far—for honor.

*Curtain*

*September, 1925*









*Firelight*



## O COME WITH ME

O COME with me and meet the night,  
Where it comes reverently,  
Thro' the great temple of sorrowing trees—  
Where it comes mournfully, veiling the distance  
And winding its shroud o'er the meadows.  
Come, meet the night, lonely together,  
Just you and I.

O come with me and meet the night,  
Where it comes musically,  
With the last bird-twit'rings, faint, scattering, diminuendo,  
With the first songs of frog and of cricket, staccato, crescendo,  
And the far-off cry trembling away in the stillness.  
Come, let the night sing us its song,  
For you and me.

O come with me and meet the night,  
Where it comes radiantly,  
Clothed in deep azure, spangled with gold—  
Myriad stars shim'ring and queen star arising  
Divine in the glory of bounteous beauty.  
Come, and the night will welcome us!  
O come with me.

*March, 1913*

## WAIT, DEATH

WAIT, Death. Dost thou know not Love?  
Love in the gentle twilight hour  
When night comes on and the silence spreads.  
Under her eyelids the clear light shines,  
And her soft breasts rise and fall  
As the hushed soul breathes.  
Take me not yet in thy gentle arms, O Death.  
Thou wouldst soothe and caress, I know,  
But my soul would hunger still.  
How can I leave the wondrous joy,  
More calm than the joy of thy peace, O Death,  
More strong than the wildest soarings of Life,  
More than all else thou wouldst take away  
And more than all thou canst give in return, O Death?  
For the soothing caress of the Love that is left behind  
I would hunger in madness that would not let me rest,  
Tho thou whispered ever so softly: Peace, my child.

*May, 1907*

## FIRELIGHT

SWEET, when the fire beckons in the dark  
And your great shining eyes look motionless  
Into the waving, wonder-weaving flames,  
What do you think of then—  
In the long silences?

You will not answer.  
Then must I fill it out—  
Fill the strange silence with my hungry wish—  
Fill up the darkness with my vainest dreams—  
Holding you close the while.

Hush! Now I feel the presence of your hand—  
Hush! When I touch my lips against your cheek  
And hear your breathing as you closer lean,  
Keep silence still, my sweet,  
Don't break my dream,  
Bright dream aglow with firelight in the dark.

## AFTERMATH

THE storm has rumbled down the southern sky.  
The sun looks out along the white caps' rim,  
Ruddies the sails, where yonder schooners lie,  
And flickers where, refreshed, the bright gulls skim  
Low o'er the yet dark, hungry, fretting waves.

And here are you and I  
Alone, and still with Him  
That either wrecks or saves.

Was God so near to me as you were near  
In those stark, poising moments when the clouds  
Wrestled and roared above the quivering spear  
Which our small sloop thrust forth against the crowds  
Of charging billows, tossing us in hate,  
While sudden bolts shone clear,  
Zigzagging thro' the shrouds,  
And the wet wind spoke: Fate?

God must have been within that vivid flare,  
In the swift darkness, swallowing up the gleam,  
And in the furious rain that lashed your hair.  
When the great wave-charge broke against our beam,  
Destroying God was there. But I saw only you,  
Cool, steadfast, glowing, fair—  
So real amid the dream.  
You, you alone, were true.

Just once I felt your touch upon my arm  
Confidingly. I do not think you spoke;  
Only I heard your breathing, in the calm  
That came before the loudest thunder broke.  
Your spirit seemed to rise with mine apart  
From fear of God or harm;  
And savage gladness woke—  
To die so near your heart.

Let us bear onward toward that waiting sun,  
We who together faced the onrushing sky.  
Reach me your hand. Our lips shall make us one,  
While in my arms you watch strange daylight die  
And the new light, lent now from Him above,  
Hallows the course we run.  
In God's sight, you and I  
Sail on a sea of Love.

*November, 1913*

### SOFT LITTLE LAUGH

Soft little laugh,  
Sweet little laugh,  
Noiseless, gladdening laugh.  
Laugh of the merry heart,  
Laugh of the tender heart,  
Winsome laugh of gentleness,  
Dear ——'s own.

*February, 1907*













## C. H. W., JR.—A PRAYER AT LITCHFIELD

FATHER, he has gone to Thee,  
Thy strong-armed boy— Thy simple-hearted one,  
Who loved Thy flowers and resembled them,  
Whose smile was like the sunlight on Thy fields,  
Who, toiling little, did Thy work on earth,  
Unconscious bringing peace, goodwill to men.

Now, Father, look upon us sorrowful.  
A breath of loneliness has touched our elms.  
They whisper of the passing of a soul  
Over the meadows which we cannot cross,  
Beyond the hilltops where we cannot reach;  
Till the soft, cheery voice is heard not now  
And the large, trusting eyes no longer laugh with us  
And in the little groups where love is found—  
Where Carl was wont to be—we find him not.

The tennis-courts no longer hear his shouts,  
The laughter on the porch includes not his,  
The music of the waltz sounds sadder now,  
And others' blades must stir the river's calm.  
The alder thickets echo not his shots,  
The orchid-haunts feel not his splashing steps,  
And Spot has wandered off disconsolate  
To lie beside the tomb companionless,  
Waiting the angel Death.

Father, we would not mourn;  
For memory abides—  
The mellowing memory of a noble heart.  
Our prayer is but to thank Thee for the gift  
Of knowing him the while he walked with us—  
So rich a gift for our unworthiness  
And one which leaves its comfort after loss,  
Since now we sense the harmony of things  
And feel the beauty of Thy world is real;  
His goodness having found its place with us,  
Even as Thy sunlight dwells between the trees.

*September, 1912*



## A BARCAROLLE, AFTER E. FIELD

NINA and Jena and Yoh one day  
Rowed off in a boat with Rod—  
Off on the waters near Oyster Bay,  
Like four beach peas in a pod.  
“Where are you going and what do you wish?”  
We none of us asked the three.  
We knew they were luring the bald-head fish,  
That swims in the Cold Spring sea.  
“Baits of beauty and youth have we,”  
Said Nina, Jena, and Yoh.

All afternoon they skimmed or plunged  
Or floated on wave or raft,  
Or over the side of the dory lunged  
And with witching accents laughed.  
’Twas all so pretty and young it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And Rod, he thought ’twas a dream he’d dreamed  
Of a mermaids’ dansant tea.  
But I shall name you the charmers three—  
Nina, Jena, and Yoh.

Nina and Yoh are shapely blondes,  
And Jena’s a proud brunette.  
And they’re some good-lookers dressed up, on land,  
But better yet in the wet.  
So open your eyes when the flood-tide swings,

And wonderful sights you'll see.  
The neighbors shall show you some beautiful things  
At their briny house-partee,  
Where Rod cavorts with the naiads three—  
    Nina  
        and Jena  
            and Yoh.

Now and then in the night  
The stars are so bright  
The light of the moon  
But better yet in the day  
So open your eyes  
And wonderful sights you will see  
The world is so full of beauty  
At their birth  
Where Red carrots with the rainbows three—

From the land of the  
and the



with excellent results and it was

discovered that there was some beneficial effect  
in using these substances.

These substances were used in the following manner:

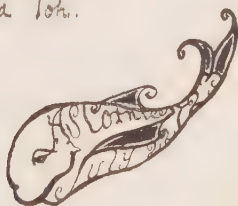
1st.

2nd.

3rd.

Nina and Yoh are shapely blondes,  
And Sena's a proud brunette.  
And they're some good-lookers dressed up, on land,  
But better yet in the wet.  
So open your eyes when the flood-tide swings,  
And wonderful sights you'll see.  
The shall show you some beautiful things  
At their briny house - party,  
Where Rod carvots with the naiads three -

Nina  
and Sena  
and Yoh.





OBSERVATIONS ON ART  
IN A D. L. & W. TRAIN

OH what is this? A parcel rack?  
Ah graceful shape thou takest me back  
To days when martyr men did roast  
On instruments now used for toast.  
But on it here's a work of art!  
A thing of beauty warms the heart.  
Look then on this design, my friend,  
And on the maker blessings send.  
See how the artist's fancy skips  
From fans to bugs and then to ships  
That float upon the bounding sea.  
And here are fishes swimming free.  
Or are they eels or protozoa?  
In truth I do not really know or  
Care— Why they are none of these!  
I do declare they're pictured trees  
Upon a fan. A master stroke!  
In this design 'twas genius spoke.  
See how we gain by ingenuity—  
A picture; then by perspicuity  
We find it in another picture  
And, when with zeal on this you've fixed your  
Mind, you scan another yet  
Upon it, and a series get—  
Picture on sketch ad infinitum,  
As fleas have smaller fleas to bite 'em.  
Speaking of fleas, a dragon fly  
On the left side I do descry.



But this no common insect is;  
No common thing had such a phiz.  
It must have come from Ida's mount  
Where Paris piped beside the fount.  
This dragon fly's aristocrat,  
Descended from the dragon that  
Prince Perseus slew in Hermes' hat;  
No darning-needle coarse and fat.  
Look on the total work of art.  
See how the lines diverge apart.  
This is a real chef-d'oeuvre detached;  
And art detached can not be matched  
For beauty and aestheticism,  
The wise men tell us without schism.  
Here's genius now with fancy wedded;  
And yet they say that art is jaded!  
Ah nameless draughtsman thou hast given  
A touch of beauty's fire from heaven  
To cheer us on the ugly way  
Of Wait and Linger and Delay—  
To take our thoughts from chimneys tall,  
The humpbacked station's sooty wall,  
The poles and wires and other things  
That crude commercialism brings.  
So friend, if you have any care  
To keep your thoughts on whatso'er  
Is truly fine and full of honor,  
Think on that parcel rack so fair  
The unknown artists gives you there  
And do not think of Lackawanna

*February, 1905*

## TO FRIENDS

WHEN we, who were born old, assign a day  
For frolic in demure bewedded mood,  
The joy is neither fierce nor unconfined;  
We still are fettered in self-consciousness.  
Pan does not grant the freedom of his bosques;  
Nor do the Nereids chorus from the waves;  
Much less Valkyries ride the October clouds.

Though we were given our souls for groping off  
Toward richer, vaguer things—more dim, more real—  
We still must talk committee-stuff and how  
To meet the petty problems of our homes,  
Turning from ways and means sometimes for laughs  
At the naïve nonsensities of neighbors.  
(Our liveliest topic's yachting days recalled.)

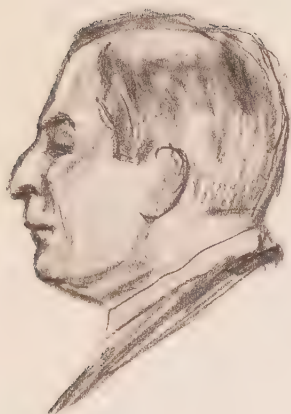
Yet is there wealth of comfort in the thought  
Of friendship founded on deep-hidden rocks:  
Trust in high breeding; staid benevolence;  
Refinement tempered from strong kindness;  
Unboasting, self-forgetting loyalties;  
Appreciation of all beauteousness;  
Sharing of kindred love for things of worth.

And, when the lulling Indian-summer winds  
Bring the sea tang across the russet downs,  
As the white sky-drifts slowly change to pink,  
I know grey-shadowed, level eyes look far  
Out—from beneath a sombre, regal crown—  
To gather in and treasure up the hours  
That you, like we, would never wish forgot.

*October, 1926*

*Sketches in Court*



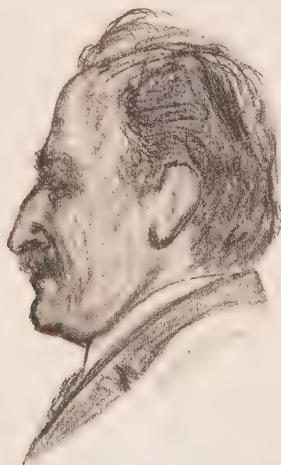


MR. D. STUBBS



CHAS. SIO F. KEMMERA Jr. Quaker  
at Hotel Astor, N.Y. City.

S.S.H.  
Jan 6/22



EX JUDGE SCOTT

MR. S. U.





*In the Mood of Sappho*



## THE WORLD IS VOID

THE wind hastes over the empty land and cries, that  
"The world is void."

Dark clouds rush across the sky, hiding the stars till  
the world is void.

The fir trees bend in agony. They cry, "The world is  
void."

Alone am I with the evil clouds and the mocking  
wind, and the world seems void;

For thou art far from me.

*March, 1904*

## TWO CRIES OF SAPPHO

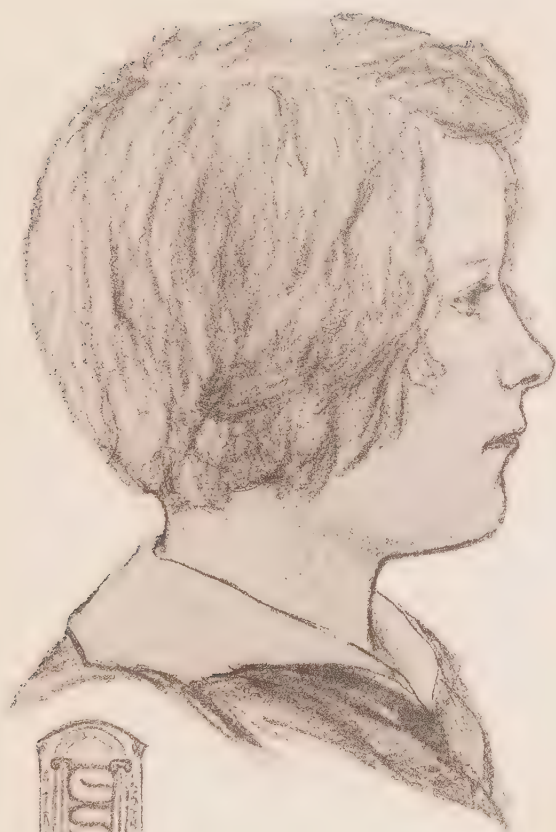
### 1

*I loved thee, Atthis, long ago—*  
But thou, fair girl, thou couldst not know  
The treasure of the love I bore to thee.  
So now it is not as it was of old;  
Atthis, for thee my heart long since grew cold,  
And to thy heart the very thought of me  
Is hateful—well I know.  
But when to-day I saw thine eyes again  
There came a sudden rush of love's old pain,  
And here in twilight gloom I sit alone  
Thinking of thee, Atthis, and the night—and'th' morn;  
I loved thee, Atthis, once in sweet days long ago.

### 2

Love, the fiercely bitter creature,  
Close with his arms hold upon me.  
Love that strikes the limbs with passion  
Once again hath tossed my spirit,  
Like a wind upon the mountain  
Rushing down against the oak-crowns.  
Love again has smote my heart strings  
Till they quaver into organs.  
Like the meaning of the forest—  
Love, the fiercely breathing wildwind,  
Love that cannot be resisted

*April, 1904*





## SAPPHO'S EYES

EYES were those like unto the eyes of a goddess,  
Eyes that laughing might make the world laugh with  
    them,  
Eyes that weeping move all the world to tears—  
    Eyes like the midnight.



## HYMN TO APHRODITE

APHRODITE, golden-sandalled,  
Lovely are thy lips, half-parted;  
Lovely are thine eyes of azure  
And thy tender breasts, immortal.

Tender art thou, Aphrodite,  
Yet full mighty is thy power  
Over gods as over mortals.  
Zeus-born beauty, be thou gracious.

Gently rest the leaves of myrtle  
In thy grove beside the sea-shore.  
Soft the foam, whence thou art risen,  
Blows across caressing billows.

Here we take the fragrant incense.  
Take the jewels for thy girdle,  
While thou bindest up thy tresses  
With the silver-spangled fillets.

Here where smiles the sky so brightly,  
Here where leaflets kiss the fountain,  
Aphrodite, holy goddess,  
Take the gifts of love we bring thee.

*March, 1904*

## IN THE MOOD OF SAPPHO

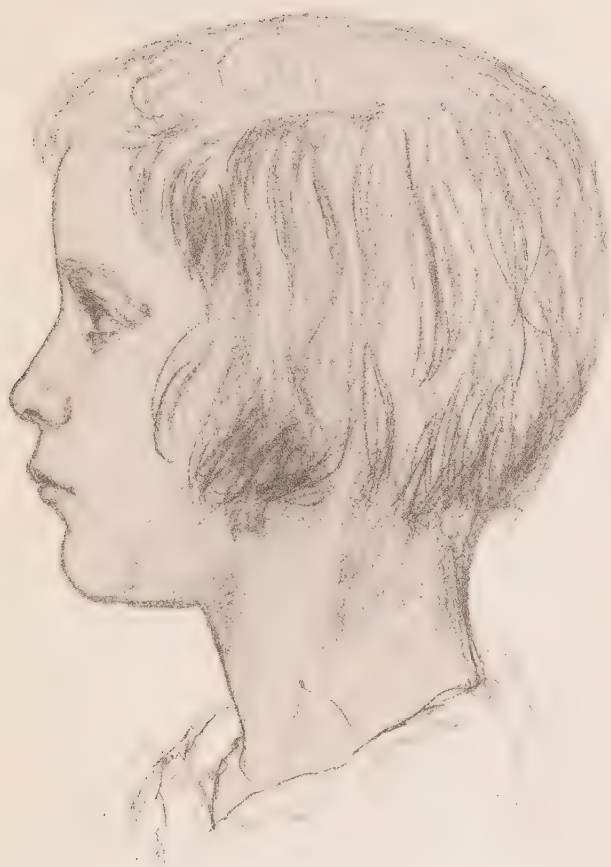
I THINK of thee, Lesbe, at morning,  
When Dawn comes over the lattice;  
Think of thee too in the noon-tide,  
While Earth glows with riches of light.  
I am thinking of thee in the hours  
When Phoebus drives downward through heaven.  
Still am I thinking of thee  
As evening fades into night.  
And now that the night has come—  
Night the strange weaver of sadness—  
I am thinking yet only of thee,  
Thinking and wondering and longing.

*May, 1904*











## *Translations*





TRANSLATIONS—FRAGMENTS FROM  
SAPPHO

HE is dying, Cythera,  
Adonis the beautiful. What shall we do?  
Beat your breasts, maidens,  
And rend ye your garments.  
Cry till the heavens above us shall hear us,  
Ah for Adonis!

All around the breeze murmurs cool through apple-  
boughs, and from the trembling leaves sleep streameth  
down.

EVENING, thou dost gather  
All that bright Morning hath scattered.  
Thou bringest the sheep,  
Thou bringest the goat,  
Thou bringest the child to its mother.

The moon is set  
And the Pleiades—  
Midnight! The hours go by;  
And I—I sleep alone.

*April, 1904*

TRANSLATION—A CHANSON OF THE  
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*Published by the Société des Anciens Chansons*

GALLANT men of France  
Going forth to war,  
Pray you, greet my love,  
Meeting him afar.

Say how should we greet  
Him we do not know?  
—Well may he be marked;  
His armor's like the snow.

He bears the cross of white;  
His sword has burnished hilt;  
And on his sturdy lance  
The point is silver-gilt.

—Weep not, lady fair;  
Sith he has passed by.  
Dead is he you love,  
Slain in Brittany.

But now I dug his grave  
And put green turf above.  
E'en now his mass was sung.  
Holy Mary keeps your love.

*January, 1907*

## TRANSLATION FROM PAUL SILENTARIUS

*With credit to Lilla Cabot Perry*

"FAREWELL, Farewell" I soon must say to thee  
And still I check my voice—still linger near.  
I shrink from parting as from Acheron's night;  
For thou art as the daylight of my eyes.  
But day is silent, and thou bringest me  
That murmuring voice of thine, sweeter than Siren's  
    song,  
And on thy lips my whole soul's longing lies.

*February, 1904*

## EPITAPH FOR TIMON OF ATHENS

*A reply to Epigram 315, Book VI of the Greek Anthology*

LET singing birds alight on his tomb,  
Briar-rose tenderly press you the stone.  
Ho, all ye beasts of the forest come  
To Timon's grave, who lived alone.  
For he hated all Mankind, they say;  
Then surely, surely, he must have loved.  
Can the life of a man last out a day,  
If Love from his heart is all removed?

*February, 1904*



EPITAPH FOR TIMON OF ATHENS

*Timon of Athens act. III. sc. VI of the Greek Tragedy*

LET singing birds alight on his tomb,  
Briar-rose tenderly press you the stone.  
Ho, all ye beasts of the forest come  
To Timon's grave, who lived alone.  
For he hated all Mankind, they say;  
Then surely, surely, he must have loved.  
Can the life of a man last out a day,  
If Love from his heart is all removed?

*February 1890*







## AMERIND LULLABY

HERMIT thrush within the woods  
Sings. Can you hear?  
Friendly crickets in the grass  
Chirp, very near.  
Bending bows above you  
Whisper secrets deep;  
And the summer breeze is saying,  
"Little red chief, sleep."

*November, 1903*

## FRAGMENT

WE live for the present hour—  
For the joy that it will bring.  
Let the gloomy storm-clouds lour!  
Let distant alarm-bells ring!  
Till the sweets of life turn sour,  
We will live and hope and sing.

*March, 1903*

## POLO

SWART-CHEEKED Rajahs with jewelled hands,  
We've left you behind in the race for power.  
Weighted with gold and ivory bands,  
You've yielded place in the crowded hour.  
But you must have been men when you made this  
game,  
The sport of the strong and joy of the brave.  
On your tottering throne, we grant you fame,  
Who to the world this pastime gave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let nobody scoff at those idle rich  
Who play this throbbing, manly game.  
The zest of life at its highest pitch;  
For, this is so real all else seems tame.

*June, 1913*

## PATRIAE

DESTINY's favored child, great gift of God  
To freedom-seeking Man, America,  
Thine arms are open wide to them who come  
To find a refuge from the Old World's wrongs  
And claim a heritage within the New—  
New World wherein a man can be a man  
And know, by the wild throbbing of his heart,  
That he is owner of a land whose strong,  
High-minded sons shall lead all Christendom  
And teach the proudest kings the way to Truth.

*March, 1903*

## END OF THE WAY

*Sing ye of love in the daisies and clover?  
Sing ye of love in the warmth of the day?  
Will ye still sing when the sun's light is over—  
Only cold starlight to hearten your lay?*

*Sing ye of love at the start of your wending?  
Sing ye of love where the walking is play?  
Will ye still sing when the journey is ending—  
Feet feeling leaden and stony the way?*

*Sing ye of love in the floodtide of living?  
Sing ye of love while your young hearts are gay?  
Will ye still sing when your strength is misgiving—  
Pulse beating feeble and hair turning gray?*

*Sing ye of love in the sun-kindled clover?  
Sing ye of love where the footpath is gay?  
Pray ye may sing when the young joy is over,  
While the dim stars bless the end of your way.*

































